

Sketch

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what he had heard, but he didn't know where or when it was coming.

I realized suddenly that I was to be using my camera at times like this, and instinctively reached for it at my side. I hastily ripped one out of its case, focused, and tried to hold it steady in my shaking hands.

Melloy's trigger finger was white. He squeezed with agonizingly slow, steady pressure for several seconds.

The rifle jumped with the report and jolted Melloy's whole frame, but he never took his eyes from the sight.

The echo died and there was silence.

I looked through the telescopic lense on my camera. The limp body was hanging with both legs wedged between limbs of the tree, a single neat red stain in the chest the only sign of damage.

"Two planned murders within an hour," I thought to myself. "One I witness, and one I'm an accomplice in—and all perfectly legal . . ."

"I was right," Melloy said still staring coldly through the sight.

"What?"

"Three and a quarter hit it right on the nose."

Ten smooth cuticles
rounded fingertips
ohmygod a hang-up nail

—*Janet Brown*
English, Sr.